

UNCLE SAM'S GREAT TRAINING SCHOOL READY FOR PUPILS

Camp Upton, Yaphank, Offers Rare Course for 43,000 With Winter in France



By FRAZIER HUNT.

CAMP UPTON, YAPHANK, L. I.—An ideal school for many young men between the ages of 21 and 31. Limited to 43,190 boys from Greater New York and environs. Ideal location on Long Island, sixty miles from the city. Bracing sea air. Entire new set of buildings. Military training develops obedience, health and many qualities. Unusual provisions for students' health. Daily drills under 1,500 competent instructors. Plans already made to winter in France. School opens September 5, although registration continues until October 17. Major Gen. J. Franklin Bell, dean and commanding officer, Yaphank, L. I.

THIS ad is run for Uncle Sam without charge. In fact, it hasn't any particular value to the old fellow unless it would be under what advertising men call "general publicity." For the pupils are already chosen, and at Yaphank to-day 8,000 to 10,000 laborers are working overtime to get the "plant" built for this first class of '17.

Dean Major-Gen. Bell didn't exactly say so, but it's pretty safe to assume that for once a school isn't particularly anxious to have sweet old ladies wander about the campus, inspect the dormitories, inquire about the curriculum and tour the lecture halls in advance of the fall term. Later, say about the middle of October, the Dean will welcome mothers and sweethearts, and even right now, in cooperation with the Y. W. C. A., plans are being rushed for two "Visitors' Houses" that will be used for entertaining camp guests.

But for that matter Camp Upton College is about to break every school tradition that America has so painstakingly built up. Even the halls are hardly what you would call classic, and as yet there is no college yell, and ye gods of ancient Rome and Greece! a bugle is to supersede the time honored bell in the old main tower. Instead of 300 or 400—perhaps 1,000 or 4,000—students, Upton will be 43,000 strong. What would even fair Harvard do with 43,000 freshmen? and as for the Yale bulldog he would probably develop an immediate case of rabies; and the Princeton tiger would no doubt lose his teeth, start mewing and start to cry. But not so the dogs of war and Death Bell. They are going to take the 43,000 to their hearts and initiate them into the big army fraternity without batting an eye.

"We'll be ready for the first group on Wednesday, and if things go on as planned, we'll have no trouble receiving the remaining groups on the dates now set," the man who is to be dean, headmaster and commanding general of the great camp school said a day or two ago. "September 5 is the day checked with a big cross on our calendars, and we've got 1 P. M. marked up as the hour."

The Dean Soft Spoken. The Dean was seated before his desk on the main floor of one of the big company barracks that had been commandeered as temporary division headquarters. Through the open windows of the great, shiny, pine shack came all the myriad sounds of a booming camp—the shouts of men at men

and at horses, the whistles of locomotives, the coughing of gasoline engines, the r-r-r-r-r of movable circular saws, the snare drum patter of a thousand hammers—all singing an accompaniment to his soft spoken words.

Soft spoken words are not supposed to travel with commanding Generals, but that's exactly what they were. His voice was remarkably low and tempered and his eyes twinkled kindly through glasses, but back of both

voice and eyes lay the unquestionable strength and firmness and experience of the man who is to teach New York's chosen young men the arts and sciences of modern war so that when they are graduated in January they will go out with the degree of F. S.—Finished Soldier.

"Let's start at the real beginning," the General smiled, swinging about in his swivel chair and squarely facing the interviewer. "Here's our problem—how are we to receive, care for and train 43,000 men so that they can be turned into soldiers in the best manner and in the quickest time? We have nothing but raw material at the start. Six or seven weeks ago this great cantonment was covered with scrub oak. We have had to build a city here just as we will have to build up our army from men who know nothing about soldiery or war. And America can do both."

The first question, the General explained, is the task of transporting and receiving the initial 5 per cent. of the students. According to present plans Camp Upton is to receive its quota of 43,190 men in four increments, which will be distributed as follows:

September 5, 5%, 2,259 men.
September 19, 40%, 17,274 men.
October 3, 40%, 17,274 men.
October 17, 15%, 6,578 men.

Of this total of 43,190 men 38,858 will come from the 139 local exemption districts within New York city, the remaining 4,332 being the quotas from Orange, Dutchess, Putnam, Nassau and Suffolk counties. Of this original 5 per cent, or 2,259, roughly 2,000 will be drawn from the city proper.

The first step in getting these men

chosen and transported to camp will be handled by the local boards under the charge of Deputy Attorney-General Conkling. Orders went out early last week that each local board should choose its first 5 per cent. from men who had special qualifications that would make them especially valuable in the first hard weeks of the camp. Men with trades, such as cooks, bakers, mechanics, electricians, etc., were to be picked. These men were at once sent green notification cards ordering them to hold themselves in readiness for the call and to watch for a red card that would be mailed them. On these red postals is to be marked the hour and day that they must report for mobilization.

Let us say that it is between 9 and 9:30 of next Wednesday morning. Each little group chosen by the local boards has met in a designated place—probably the board headquarters—their leader has been named, and they are started for the Long Island Railroad. Special trains that will leave the Pennsylvania and Brooklyn stations not later than 10:30 will carry them to the great busy camp by 1 o'clock; the railroad has already guaranteed that.

At the little pine station at what the railroad calls "Camp Long Island" there will be 159 young Plattburgh officers to greet them. Each officer has been assigned the five to fifteen men from a particular local board that he is to capture and take to a designated barracks. Arriving there the officer will collect the registration cards from the men and forthwith lead them on the first charge of their camp life—the duty there will be 250 civilian cooks, who will be replaced by the student

soldier bakers and broilers as fast as possible. Capt. Fleming will conduct a cooking school at the camp. These special students, with the professional cooks who have been selected for the service, will soon take the place of the civilians, and within a month after camp opens all this work will be done by the men.

Between September 5 and 19 the time will be given over to getting the small advance guard equipped, uniformed, assigned and settled in their respective commands. This will give to each company or battery a little nucleus of ten or fifteen special men who will be of great assistance in preparing the camp and barracks for the 17,274 men who will arrive on the 19th.

This big 40 per cent. contingent will be handled in exactly the same way that the smaller first section was. They will be sent out from New York on special trains, each group from the 139 local boards being in charge of a picked man.

"A contented command will probably always be an efficient command, but it might be just as well to explain how the 43,190 freshmen are going to have their boarding houses run. Each barracks will hold a full complement of 250 men, forming one unit in everything that has to do with the mess and general camp life. At the start there will be 250 civilian cooks, who will be replaced by the student

bill once last winter and there wasn't a pocket I could crowd it into, so I stuck it in my shoe.

When pockets are abolished I feel sure that the crowding in the subway will be solved. It is almost impossible to scrape by a large man who has twelve pockets filled with everything from a quarter's worth of plug tobacco to a goldfish globe. When the average man buttons up his coat to enter the subway he buttons it over about 250 articles that are nothing but excess baggage. I know a man who carries three key rings full of keys, and he has forgotten what they are all good for, except one, and he never can find that one without trying all the rest.

At the present moment I am carrying an imitation coin souvenir of the World's Fair at Chicago, 1893, which weighs in the neighborhood of one pound. It is good for nothing except to throw at a cat, but they called it a lucky pocket piece. I have carried this talisman for twenty-four years to bring good luck and am afraid to throw it away. A person who wishes a lucky place on you is an apostle of frightfulness. For no matter how bad your luck is it might be worse if it weren't for the lucky piece, so you keep on toting it around until your arches give out under the strain and you are so round shouldered that you have to sleep in a hammock.

I always have at least twelve pockets on my person, four in each of the three essential garments, and in these I carry an assortment of junk which makes me sound like a tin pedlar's wagon running away when I have to hasten to catch the bus. The ordinary suit of clothes is like the pigeonholed roll top desk. It is so full of junk that when you want to carry something really important you have to carry it in your hand. I know I had a \$10

there would be a new horror of war which would make all others seem puny and insignificant. They are knobby knees, with a k—not nobby by any means.

I have watched the Scotch bagpipers wandering around New York and have wondered how they did it. I am a good ally and I love everybody in the world except the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and Von Tirpitz, but when I view these plaid skirts I sometimes feel myself involuntarily hesitating between abstemiousness and democracy—just for a fleeting moment.

If kilts are introduced generally in New York they will have to make arrangements to change the climate somewhat. There are times on Fifth avenue, with a good old north wind sweeping down from Croton or Tarrytown, when a man needs trousers on and needs them on badly.

And then think of the confusion! The ladies who pay attention to the modes are now wearing kilts about the length of the ordinary Highland kilt. If you walk up and slap a friend on the back and yell "Hoot, men!" your friend may turn out to be his wife or some totally strange woman. It would seem as though things are complicated enough now. Better wear the clothes we have than fly to others we know not of.

I don't believe if I ever saw Wood-

their forte in the Signal Corps. Horse-shoers and saddlers will make themselves at home in the artillery regiments, as the camp will have some 11,000 horses and mules. Engineers and mechanics will be made thrice welcome in the engineering commands.

Many Different Trades Needed. It takes many different kinds of trades and professions to run a town of 43,000 inhabitants—and that's what Camp Upton will be. Chances are that there will be a post newspaper so that even newspaper men will be able to justify their existence. In fact, not a profession, trade or experience of any kind will be overlooked in making the camp a good place to live in and in making the division self-sustaining and sufficient unto itself.

With the preliminary outfitting and uniforming completed and the assignment arranged the men will go to their designated commands and in turn be redistributed among the companies.

When this is done it will give each company or battery commander in the neighborhood of 100 men—a splendid foundation on which to build a perfect and solid company and regimental machine.

Immediately then physical exercise and training in the school of the soldier and the school of the squad will commence. As quickly as possible the elementary recruit drills will be pounded into the men and each company whipped into a military organization. Several hundred Plattburgh students who failed to secure commissions have been assigned to the camp as non-commissioned officers and will prove of immense value in aiding the

ment will have an organization ready to absorb the newcomers with the least possible friction. This contingent of 17,274 men will be received and handled in exactly the same manner that was used for the first two increments.

On the first day that they drill they will probably find that the man next to them has already been taught "right face" and "about face" and "squad right." Even the two weeks drilling that the first groups have had will make a world of difference in the handling of a company of more than 200 men. Actual weeks will be saved in teaching the men the rudiments of military training, and as each increment comes on it will be absorbed in an easy, natural way.

When the final 15 per cent. arrives in camp on October 17 they will be received into the training life without fuss or feathers or worry or friction. In a week or two they will have caught up with their earlier brothers in arms.

Will Be Hardened by Nov. 15. Systematically the men will be physically developed and hardened so that by November 15 they will be ready to tackle the tough, long, arduous job of mastering modern trench warfare. Besides their own army officers they will be directed by a number of French and British special instructors, who will teach them the last word and latest discovery in battle practice. They will construct trenches, digouts and bombproofs, learn how to throw hand grenades, operate gas and liquid fire, handle machine guns and gas masks—a senior course in fighting.

Roughly, 1,500 officers will have

charge of the training. Practically all of these, excepting regimental, brigade and division officers from the regular army, will be either Plattburgh graduates or men assigned from the officers' reserve corps. But the students themselves will by no means be limited to non-commissioned positions if they show the right stuff. Hundreds and thousands of officers' commissions will be open to them.

"Press reports indicate that it is the policy of the War Department to fill all vacancies occurring in the commission personnel in each division by promoting enlisted men from the division," Gen. Bell explained. "If this policy is carried out it will result in many young men being given commissions in the National Army."

Now let's see just what sort of an army organization, from a purely technical standpoint, will be constructed out of these 43,190 students and 1,500 officers. First, there will be one complete army division modeled after the French military system. Roughly this will consist of two infantry brigades, each comprising two regiments of infantry of 3,653 men each, and a battalion of machine guns. Then there will be a brigade of artillery, comprising three regiments and a mortar battalion, and then a great mass of supplementary troops, such as ammunition trains and Signal Corps and hospital unit, etc. All told this Seventy-seventh Division will comprise 26,007 men and 900 officers.

Then, as an independent command, there will be a negro regiment of 3,653 men. This still leaves 13,530 men, and these will be divided into two groups: one consisting of between 5,000 and 6,000 men who will be sent to fill vacancies in the National Guard and regular army, and the other of 7,000 and 8,000 men who will be organized as a Depot Battalion. Brig. Gen. George W. Read will command these depot troops and they will be trained under the same general plan that will be followed by the division unit. This system, in general, will be the rule in the other fifteen great cantonments scattered throughout the country.

To-day great barracks and frame buildings are popping up over the 6,000 acres of Camp Upton like mushrooms after a rain. The constructing organization is well oiled and finely balanced, and this spring the nation's great Long Island Railroad shoot whole trainloads of material and supplies into the very heart of the reservation and dump the cars into a half score of great, sprawling, turtle shaped warehouses. More than 5,000 laborers are working shoulder to shoulder to get Uncle Sam's great exclusive boarding school and outdoor university ready for the fall term.

Every man, from Major-Gen. Bell down to the newest unknown water boy or the lowliest negro in Col. Bill Hayward's regiment, on guard duty at the camp entrance has his eye on the calendar and is swearing and sweating and fighting to defeat old Father Time and his despicable way of swinging in new days that are altogether too short.

Over the whole mad place rests the pale of fear, for even the same mangle powder always hovers over spots where men turn untracked wilderness into cities and towns. All the thrill and drive of war and strife is here already—men battling with time and nature and Teutonic mosquitoes and the infernal ruckus and ruttu roads and slow trains and the howls of cities. It's a great, wonderful job they're doing.

New York's new exclusive school! Plans already made to winter in France! Who wouldn't be glad to go?

row Wilson in kilts that I could ever vote the Democratic ticket again in my life. And Todd in kilts—well, there is a limit even to the imagination.

So far as trousers are concerned I am in favor of wasting cloth. If it be treason make the most of it. The trouser is our badge of superiority over the other sex. With us in skirts and the women in overalls we are gone not only for the period of the war but for eternity.

However, if kilts are introduced here they will be worn. It is the one best bit that some men will have the nerve to put them on and call the rest of us slackers. That is getting to be a great word nowadays.

I am absolutely wifal—as wifal as La Follette—on the subject of trousers. Let them make them tight if they have to—as tight as need be. I have no bankroll to conceal. But before I will put on a plaid kilt with a kalsomine brush hanging down in front and carry an oil stove to keep my shins from freezing I will move to Mexico, where the trousers are large and roomy and made of cowhide and freezing is unknown.

There isn't any freak style that somebody in New York won't wear. If they want to make this town back up they have got to come across with something weirder than they have invented yet. A man can fill up on Welsh rabbit and corned beef and cabbage and go to bed and dream a fat that wouldn't be worn by a self-respecting garbage wagon horse. He can wake up in the morning and go

to his factory and begin making this kelly and within three days the streets will be full of them. We first endure, then pity, then embrace without wasting very much time on the first two.

So far as styles are concerned a lot of sins are committed in the name of war. With the women wearing men's clothes and the men wearing women's clothes, our boasted civilization is going to get so tangled up with itself before this war is over that peace will exude over a phantasmagoria of sartorial frightfulness that will set the world back 200 years and some odd days.

As for uniforms, they have been invented for everybody but soldiers. The marriage operators along Fifth avenue are about nine yards of gold braid ahead of the generals in the regular army of Herzeegovina.

A man who goes about saluting uniforms is going to wear out his good leg before he has ventured five blocks. I should like to see a messenger for the French cable company, two bank guards, nine doormen and a delivery man from Tiffany's yesterday in one block, and when I finally came upon a real soldier I was so weak I couldn't get the old right mitt up to the hat.

The fellows who are entitled to the salutes wear the least conspicuous uniforms. You can tell the soldiers because they don't wear gold braid. Everybody else does.

Hoping these few lines will find you in touch with the styles of this palpitating era remain yours, LEM.

EVEN POCKETLESS CLOTHES ARE TO BE PREFERRED TO KILTS IN WAR ECONOMY CRUSADE

By ROY K. MOULTON.

New York, September 1.
DEAR BUDDY:

"Lend me \$2," said a friend of mine the other day. "I haven't got a cent on me. No place to carry money now. Look!"

And he turned around and around, defying me to find a pocket in his clothing.

"What's the big idea?" I asked. "It's the new style," he replied. "They are making new clothes without pockets—no place to carry money. Every time they make a pocket in a coat or pair of trousers they waste so much material. Look at me. I'm as clean as a brand's tooth. Don't carry a thing."

"And every time you want to spend money you have to go and hunt up an old fashioned guy who wears a last year's suit with pockets in it. Is that the idea?"

"You guessed it," he said. "How about the two bucks?"

This friend was only one of twenty fashionable young blades who have approached your Uncle Dudley during the past two weeks on a similar mission. Not one of them had a place to carry even a thin dime.

A man might as well be broke as to be out of style, and if he is out of style in this instance he is sure to be sooner or later. An old fashioned gink with pockets is legal now. Just now, I have placed an order for a suit without pockets. If it isn't done soon I won't have enough money left to pay for it. Then again I want to get it in time to get around and touch the few remaining old fogies with pockets.

Of course I coughed the two dollars for my friend. I had no reasonable excuse. He took the two dollar bill. I wondered what he was going to do with it—how he was going to carry it. And he showed me the trick. He took off his straw hat, folded it in the pocket, and the hand looked stuffy. I entertained a slight suspicion that several other bills were harbored there.

I believe those boys all buy hats a size or two too large so they will have room to cache their loot.

I bought his hat and sat rather high on his head and didn't come down on the haircut as it should.

When these birds go into a restaurant, do they leave their hats with the checker? Not on your zinc etching. Where they go their hats go. I have got a new hat all ready for the campaign. I bought it two sizes too large for me. As soon as my pocketless suit arrives from my favorite \$15 clothes shop I am going to work lower Broadway from Park Row to the Battery. By noon the first day my hat ought to fit fairly well and by night it ought to set up on top of my head like an old fashioned Korean chapeau. The average hatband will hold \$100 in \$2 bills.

The pocketless suits are all right, so far as I can see, but they are going to make it a tough winter for the pickpockets in our well known and famous village. A lot of hard working and successful dips will suddenly find themselves out of a job. Thus it is that war hits all classes. Pocketless clothing will cause a great readjustment in our habits. I feel very sure. Newsdays when my wife and I leave

Lem Writes to Buddy About the Advantages and Profits Accruing to Followers of the First Named Mode and Woes of the Other

the apartment we carry everything with us except the davenport bed, the kitchen range and the victrola. What I don't carry in my pockets my wife carries in her bag. When the new pocketless suits are in full working order we will have to leave a few things at home, which will probably be just as well.

As it is now my wife wears a boodle bag for her car fare. Then she carries a large leather bag which is just between a Gladstone and a steamer trunk, and in this repose all the household Lures and Penates from the front door key to the bottle of peroxide. In addition she has recently carried one of those cute knitting bags which hold not only a choice array of those two foot ivory knitting needles but a lot of odds and ends she picks up around the house at the last moment, like Elbert Hubbard's fourteen volumes of "Little Journeys" and the gilt mantel clock.

I always have at least twelve pockets on my person, four in each of the three essential garments, and in these I carry an assortment of junk which makes me sound like a tin pedlar's wagon running away when I have to hasten to catch the bus. The ordinary suit of clothes is like the pigeonholed roll top desk. It is so full of junk that when you want to carry something really important you have to carry it in your hand. I know I had a \$10

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